### MARTH'S BLOSSOMS.

bh, you husbands, when you grumble at your wife's dressmaker's bill, And about a costly bonnet fret and

Did you ever stop to reason how this world would take a chill If your pretty wife and daughter dressed

With your somber black cravat, and your ugly, shiny hat, And your coat, a perfect antidote for

You are practical enough, like the kitchen garden stuff, But the women are the roses of the

When a crowd of men are gathered, it's a sad and solemn show-It's a living, breathing spectacle of

· very single fellow's garments might be patterned from a crow That had pecked about an undertaker's

tomb; But you let a woman go to that gathering of woe And you will see a sight that's cheap

at any price, For 'mid the funeral band, blithe and radiant, she'll stand Like a flashing, gleaming bird of para-

So we mustn't growl and grumble, though the bills be what they please For the satins and the other precious

And be happy though our trousers do get baggy at the knees, And we often are obliged to trim our cuffs.

Though we labor every day so that

they may be as gay,
When we see 'em, don't we get our
money's worth?
Though they do come rather high, we

must have 'em, you and I, For the women are the roses of the



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CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED.

But the quartermaster said he'd rici it with those very mules, between Smory and Medicine Bow a dozen times and he'd risk it. The driver sould and off his seat if he wanted to, and an alongside, but he'd stay where

'Let me out, please," said the engineer, and jumped to the ground, and then the cavalcade pushed on agais. The driver, as ordered by an employer whom he dare not disobey, let the reins drop on the mules' backs, the troopers falling behind, the yellow ambulance and the big baggage wagon bringing up the rear.

Then, with a horseman on each side, the mules were persuaded to push on again, and then when fairly started Burleigh called to the troopers to fall back, so that the mules should not, as he expressed it, "be influenced." "Leave them to themselves and they can get along all right," said he, "but mix them op with the horses, and they want them to take all the responsi bility

And dow the command was barely grawlit 2. Brooks, heavy, languid with splitting headache, lay in feverish torpor in his ambulance, asking only to be let alone. The engineer, a subaltern as yet, felt that he had no right attempting to advise men like Burleigh, who proclaimed himself an old campaigner. The aid-de-camp was getting both sleep, and impatient, but he, too, was much the quartermaster's junior in rank. As for Dean, he had no volition whatever. "Escort the party" were his orders, and that meant that he must govern the movements of his horses and men by the wishes of the senior staff official. And so they jogged along perhaps 20 minutes more, and then there was a sudden splutter and plunge and stumble ahead, a sharp pull on the traces, a marvelously quick jerk back on the reins that threw the wheel team on their haunches, and thereby saved the "outfit," for when men and matches were hurried to the front the lead mules were discovered kicking and splashing in a mud hole. They were not only off the road by a dozen yards, but over a bank two feet high.

And this last pound broke the back of Burleigh's obstinacy. It was nearly! midnight anyway. The best thing to be done was to unhitch, unsaddle and bivouae until the gray light of dawn came peering over the eastward prairie, which in that high latitude and "long-day" month would soon be after three. Then they could push on to

Not until nearly eight o'clock in the morning, therefore, did they heave in sight of the low belt of dingy green that told of the presence of a stream still long miles away; and here, knowing himself to be out of danger, the major bade the weary escort march in at a walk while he hurried on. In 15 minutes the black-hooded wagon was twistif.g and turning over the powdery road a good mile ahead, its dust rising high over the sage-covered desert, while the other two, with the dust-begrimed troopers, jogged sturdily on. Loring, the young engineer, had waved a cordiel good-by to his old cadet acquaintance. "See you later, old man," he cried. Stone, the aid-de-camp, nodded and said: "Take care of yourself," and Burleigh said nothing at all. He was wondering what he could do to muzzle Loring in case that gifted young graduate were moved to tell what the quartermaster actually did when he heard the rush and firing out at the front on the road from Warrior Gap.

But when at last the black wagon bowled in at the stockaded quadrangle and discharged its occupants at the hut of the major commanding, there were tidings of such import to greet them that Burleigh turned yellowthey had escaped.

mander, as he came hurrying out to meet the party, "we've been in a blue funk about you fellows for two whole

days. Did you see any Indians?" "See any Indians!" said Burleigh, rallying to the occasion, as became a man who knew how to grasp an opportunity. "We stood off the whole Sioux nation over toward Crazy Woman's fork. There were enough to cover the country, red and black, for a dozen miles. We sighted them yesterday about four o'clock, and there were enough around us to eat us alive, but we just threw out skirmish lines and marched steadily ahead, so they thought best not to bother us. They're shy of our breech-loaders, damn 'em! That's all that kept them at respectful distance." The major's face as he listened took

on a puzzied, perturbed look. He did not wish to say anything that might reflect on the opinions of so influential a man as the depot quartermaster at Gate City, but it was plain that there was a train of thought rumbling through his mind that would collide with Burleigh's column of events unless he were spared the need of answering questions. "Let me tell you briefly what's happened," he said. "Red Cloud and his whole band are out on the warpath. They killed two couriers. half-breeds, I sent out to find Thornton's troop that was scouting the Dry Fork. The man we sent to find you and give you warning hasn't got back at all. We've had double sentries for three days and nights. The only souls to get in from the northwest since our fellows were run back last night are old Folsom and Baptiste. Folsom had a talk with Red Cloud and tried to induce him to turn back. He's beset with the idea that the old villain is plotting a general massacre along the Big Horn. He looks like a ghost. He says if we had 5,000 soldiers up there there'd hardly be enough. You know the Sioux have sworn by him for years, and he thought he could coax Red Cloud to keep away, but all the old villain would promise was to hold his young men back ten days or so until Folsom could get the general to order the Warrior Gap plan abandoned. If the troops are there Folsom says it's all up with them. Red Cloud can rally all the northern tribes, and it's only because of Folsom's influence, at least I fancy so-thatthat they didn't attack you."

"Where is Folsom?" growled Burleigh, as he shook the powdery cloud from his linen duster and followed the major within his darkened door, while other officers hospitably led the aid and engineer into an adjoining hut.

"Gone right on to Frayne. The old fellow will wear himself out, I'm afraid. He says he must get in telegraphic communication with Omaha before he's four days older. My heaven, man, it was a narrow squeak you had! It's God's mercy Folsom saw Red Cloud before he saw you."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the quartermaster, turning over a little packet of letters awaiting him in the commanding officer's sanctum. "We could have given a good account of ourselves, I reckon. Brooks is down with fever, and young Dean got rattled, or something like it. He's new at the business and easily scared, you know; so I practically had to take command. They'll be along in an hour or so, and-a word in your ear: If Brooks has to remain on sick report you'd better put somebody in command of that troop that's had-er -er-experience."

The post commander looked genuinely troubled. "Why, Burleigh, we've all taken quite a shine to Dean. I know the officers in his regiment think

a heap of him; the seniors do, at least." But Burleigh, with big eyes, was glaring at a letter he had selected, opened and was hurriedly reading. His face was yellowing again, under the blister of sun and alkali.

"What's amiss?" queried his friend. 'Nothing wrong, I hope. Why, Burleigh, man! Here, let me help you!" he cried, in alarm, for the quartermaster was sinking into a chair.

"You can help me!" he gasped. "Get me fresh mules and escort. My God! I must start for Frayne at once. Some whisky, please." And the letter dropped from his trembling hands and lay there unnoticed on the floor.

### CHAPTER V.

Mid June had come, and there was the very devil to pay - so said the scouts and soldiers up along the Big Horn. But scouts and soldiers were far removed from the states and cities where news was manufactured, and those were days in which our Indian outbreaks were described in the press long after, instead of before, their occurrence. Such couriers as had got through Frayne brought dispatches from the far-isolated posts along that beautiful range, insisting that the Sioux were swarming in every valley. Such dispatches, when wired to Washington and "referred" to the department of the interior and re-referred to the head of the Indian bureau, were

scoffed at as sensational. "Our agents report the Indians peaceably assembled at their reservations. None are missing at the weekly distribution of supplies except those who are properly accounted for as out on their annual hunt." The "officers," said the papers, "seem to take the real freely translated, gave us Warrior Indian in every bush," and unpleasant things were hinted at the officers in

consequence. Indians there certainly were in other sections, and they were unquestionably "raising the devil" along the Smoky Hill and the Southern plains, and there the interior department insisted that troops in strong force should be sent. So, too, along the line of the Union Pacific. Officials were still intervals of forty miles along the line between Kearney and Julesburg, and even beyond. At Washington and white again at thought of the perils the great cities of the east, there- hunting buffalo. "An' divil a sowl in quite phenomenal." - Indianapolis

"My God, nean?" cried the post com | the possible fate of those little | sy, "that hadn't his tongue in his garrisons, with their helpless charge cheek." of women and children, away up in the heart of the Sioux country. But at Laramie and Frayne and Emory, the nearest frontier posts; at Cheyenne, Omaha and Gate City the anxiety was great. When John Folsom said the Indians meant a war of extermination people west of the Missouri said: 'Withdraw those garrisons while there is yet time, or else send five thousand troops to help them." But the devil is John Folsom? What does he know about it? Here's what the Indian agent says, and that's enough," and people east of the Missouri being vastly in the majority, neither were the garrisons relieved nor the reenforcements sent. What was worse, John Folsom's urgent advice that they discontinue at once all work at Warrior Gap and send the troops and la-

borers back to Reno was pooh-poohed "The contracts have been let and signed. The material is all on its way. We can't back out now," said the officials. "Sendrunners to Red Cloud and get him to talk. Promise him a lot of presents. Yes, if he must have them, tell him he shall have breech-loaders and copper eartridges-to shoot buffalo with, of course. Promise him pretty much anything to be good and keep his hands off a little longer till we get that fort and the new agency buildings finished, and then let him do what he

Such were the instructions given the commissioners and interpreters hurried through Gate City and Frayne, and on up to Reno just within the limit fixed by Folsom. Red Cloud and his chiefs came in accordingly, arrayed in pomp, paint and finery, shook hands grimly with the representatives of the Great Father, critically scanned the proffered gifts, disdainfully rejected the muzzle-loading rifles and old dragoon horse-pistols heaped before him. "Got heap better," was his comment, and nothing but brand new breechloaders would serve his purpose. Promise them and he'd see what could be done to restrain his young men. But they were "pretty mad," he said, and couldn't be relied upon to keep the peace unless sure of getting better arms and ammunition to help them break it next time. It was only temporizing. It was only encouraging the veteran war chief in his visions of power and control. The commissioners came back beaming. "Everything satisfactorily arranged. Red Cloud and his people are only out for a big hunt.'



prayed fearfully at night within the puny wooden stockades, and listened trembling to the howls and tom-tom's of the dancing Indians around the council fires in the neighboring valleys, wished to heaven they had left those dear ones in safety at their eastern homes-wished to heaven they could send them thither now, but well knew that it was too late. Only as single spies, riding by night, hiding by day, were couriers able to get through from the Big Horn to the Platte. Of scouts and soldiers sent at different times since the middle of May, seven were missing, and never, except

But officers whose wives and children

dians, were heard of again. "It is a treacherous truce, I tell you," said Folsom, with grave, anxious face, to the colonel commanding Fort Emory. "I have known Red Cloud 20 years. He's only waiting a few weeks to see if the government will be fool enough to send them breech-loaders. If it does, he'll be all the better able to fight a little later on. If it doesn't

through vague boastings of the In-

he will make it his casus belli." It was nearly 300 miles by the winding mountain road from Gate City to Warrior Gap. Over hill and dale and mountain pass the road ran to Frayne, thence, fording the North Platte, the wagon trains, heavily guarded, had to drag over miles of dreary desert, over shadeless slopes and divides to the dry wash of the Powder, and by roads deep in alkali dust and sage brush to Cantonment Reno, where far to the west the grand range loomed up against the sky-another long day's march away to the nearest foothilis, to the nearest drinkable water, and then, 40 miles further still, in the heart of the grand pine-covered heights, was the rock-bound gateway to a lovely park region within, called by the Sioux some wild combination of almost unpronounceable syllables, which, Gap, and there at last accounts, strengthened by detachments from Frayne and Reno, the little command of fort builders worked away, ax in hand, rifle at hand, subjected every hour to alarm from the vedettes and pickets posted thickly all about them, pickets who were sometimes found sione dead at their posts, transfixed with arrows, scalped and mutilated, and yet not once had Indians in any nervous. Troops of cavalry camped at | force been seen by officers or man about the spot since the day Red Cloud's whole array passed Brooks' troop on the Reno trail, peaceably fore, there was no anxiety as to the outfit," said c/d Sergt, Shaughnes- Journal.

For three months that hard-worked troop had been afield, and the time had passed and gone when its young first lieutenant had hoped for a leave to go home to see the mother and Jess. His captain was still ailing and unfit for duty in saddle. He could not and would not ask for leave at such a time, and yet at the very moment when he was most earnestly and faithfully doing his whole duty at the front, people east of the Missouri said: "Who | slander was busy with his name long miles at the rear.

Something was amiss with Burleigh, said his cronies at Gate City. He had come hurrying back from the hills, had spent a day in his office and not a cent at the club, had taken the night express unbeknown to anybody but his chief clerk, and gone hurrying eastward. It was a time when his services were needed at the depot, too. Supplies, stores, all manner of material were being freighted from Gate City over the range to the Platte and beyond, yet he had wired for authority to hasten to Chicago on urgent personal affairs, got it and disappeared. Ayoung regimental quartermaster was ordered in from Emory to take charge of shipments and sign invoices during Burleigh's temporary absence, and the only other officer whom Burleigh had seen and talked with before his start was the venerable post commander, One after another the few cavalry troops (companies) on duty at Emory hád been sent afield until now only one was left, and three days after Burleigh started there came a dispatch from department headquarters directing the sending of that one to Frayne at once. Capt. Brooks' troop, owing to the continued illness of its commander, would be temporarily withdrawn and sent back to Emory to re-

Marshall Dean did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Soldier from top to toe, he was keenly enjoying the command of his troop. He gloried in mountain scouting, and was in his element when astride a spirited horse. Then, too, the air was throbbing with rumors of Indian depredations along the northward trails, and everything pointed to serious outbreak any moment, and when it came he longed to be on hand to take his share and win his name, for with such a troop his chances were better for henors and distinctions than those of any youngster he knew. Therefore he longed to keep afield. On the other hand, the visit paid by Jessie's school friend, little "Pappoose" Folsom, was to be returned in kind. John Folsom had begged and their mother had consented that after a week at home Jess should accompany her beloved friend on a visit to her far western home. They would be escorted as far as Omaha, and there Folsom himself would meet them. His handsome house was ready, and, so said friends who had ocen invited to the housewarming, particularly well stocked as to larder and cellar. There was just one thing on which Gate City gossips were enabled to dilate that was not entirely satisfactory to Folsom's friends, and that was the new presiding goddess of the establishment.

[To Be Continued.]

The Cloth of Ceremony. One of the Tibetans was dressed in white, one in black, with square-cut caps, Tartar physiognomy, very dark complexions, and long pigtails, and were well known to our people They approached us making many po lite bows, and, taking off their caps, presented the cloth of ceremony, as was becoming from inferiors to supe-This is a form which is universal in Thibet, and extends into China, though I do not remember ever to have heard an explanation of the custom. The cloth we received was of cotton, badly woven, but of fine texture, about the size of a small handkerchief, but so dirty as to show that it had frequently performed similar offices of civility before. The more wealthy classes employ silk instead of cotton cloths, the legend, "Om mane padme hum." being commonly woven in damask at each end. The sale of these cloths of ceremony, I was given to understand, constituted a government monopoly in this part of Thibet.

### -Geographical Journal. Optician's Latin.

Hiram had returned home from college, where he had won high honors as a student of the ancient languages. but he "fell down" one day when his sister, a demure young girl in her teens, asked him to translate a sign she had seen in front of an optician's A NEW TRAIN WEST office, which read thus:

"Con Sultu Sabo Utyo Urey Es." Hiram struggled manfully with it for several minutes, and gave it up. "It isn't good Latin," he said. "There are some words in it that are Latin, but the others are either wrong is termination or are barbarisms from other languages, and, taken as a whole, it doesn't make sense."

"That is what I said," rejoined his sister, "but Keturah, out in the kitchen, translates it without any trouble. She says it means, 'Consult us about your eyes."

Whereupon Hiram collapsed. -Youth's Companion.

### Awful Willie,

Featherstone-What keeps your sister so long, Willie? Her Awful Little Brother-She's put-

ting on the finest clothes she has. Featherstone-What's that for? Her Awful Little Brother-She said she was going to land you to-night if it could be done .- Tit-Bits.

Higher Education of Women. "She managed to keep her cook more than a week after the cook decided to

leave!" "I'm not surprised. At college her blocking and interference were thought



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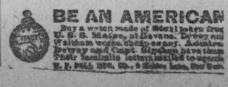
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